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ECCE REGNUM!

AND

OTHER POEMS.

By E. W. Benson
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AUTHOR'S EDITION.

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ECCE REGNUM!

BY

✓
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" "

AUTHOR OF

"SONGS OF THE LIFE ETERNAL,"

"THE TRUE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE,"

"THE MOST PERFECT THING IN THE WORLD,"

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ETC.

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Dedication.

TO MY WIFE.

To thee, so noble, fair, and true,
So patient, loving, kind,
In humble verse I offer now
The homage of my mind.

Faithful through trials thou hast proved,
Companion, wife, and friend;
Henceforth for all eternity
Our love shall never end.

Thou hast a dignity beside
The honored name of WIFE:
MATERNITY'S bright gems enhance
The beauty of thy life.

MOTHER so gentle, WIFE so true:
Expression adequate
I cannot find to tell thy worth,
Thy merits to relate.

ECCE REGNUM !

“ My kingdom is not of this world.”
“ Behold, the kingdom of God is within you.”

An earnest soul, in error's dread embrace,
Essayed this prayer, “ Oh grant me, Lord, the
 grace
To know the truth Thy wisdom doth impart,
And follow it. Yet in my inmost heart
Thou knowest willfulness and pride hold sway.
Unto Thy kingdom, teach me, Lord, the way.”
To her the Saviour answered lovingly,
“ Let not this word's allurements hinder thee.
'Tis in thine heart that heaven's blest kingdom
 lies ;
With me, uplifted there, thy soul itself will rise;
And when the Christ thy faith and life confess,
Heaven's presence then thy very soul will
 bless.”

SONGS OF THE LIFE ETERNAL.

LIFE ETERNAL.

Two worlds there are: the one is real,
The other but seeming; both are *here*.
The seeming doth to us reveal
Its attractions great and our friends most
dear.

But greater far in the Spirit's light
Are the pleasures of matter's sense bereft,
When the world of the seeming fades from
sight,
And the real existence alone is left.

And dearer yet our friends will be
When illusions of earth from our lives have
passed,
And the spirit from matter's bond is free,
And the life eternal begun at last.

THE DAY IS AT HAND.

THROUGH the long vigil of the night,
To greet the dawning of the light,
I wait in peace, 'mid silence deep,
By expectation held from sleep.

Sustine me, Domine!

Though dark and endless seems the gloom,
Like to the quiet of the tomb,
I wait contented without fear;
The glory of the dawn is near.

Judica me, Domine!

. The day is coming; Glorious Sun
Of Righteousness! Thy will be done!
Throughout the vast eternity
Thy radiance shines triumphantly.

Gloria tibi, Domine!

"OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP."

UNTO the holy temple faltering came
A pilgrim, footsore, ragged, and forlorn;
Weak and exhausted; weary, sick, and lame;
By passions, doubts, and piercing sorrows
torn.
To the blest Virgin Mother's favored shrine
he brought
A heart with grief and tearful supplication
fraught.

Whence comes this tranquil, holy, peaceful
calm

That doth upon his troubled spirit pour?
He seems to hear the sweet, consoling psalm,
"The Lord, Thy Shepherd, doth thy soul
restore."

As thus the Mother kind his prayer anticipates,
His heart with tender love and gratitude dilates.

THE CONVERSION OF ST AUGUSTINE.

O BLESSED One! Thy life,
Incarnate once for me,
Now animates my soul,
Enabling me to see
Satan's devices deep,
And each alluring snare.
Call Thou my soul from sleep,
Who dost all ill repair.

Around me float the clouds
Of error, doubt, despair;
Extend Thy mercy, Lord!
Destroy me not,—forbear!
But suffer me to live,
Thy servant, Lord, to be.
Father! Thy Spirit give
To raise and quicken me.

Blest Mother of my Lord!
Entreat of Thy dear Son
That by this humble hand
His bidding may be done.
O Saviour! Let not pride
Control nor hinder me.
Forever at my side
Deign Thou, my God, to be!

REST AND PEACE!

A THANKSGIVING AFTER A MISSION.

JESU! Creator! God Omnipotent!
To Thee in grateful praise each knee is bent;
Powerless are banished evils to molest.
Oh dwell forever with us, our Eternal *Rest!*

Sweet Jesus! Resting calm in Thy embrace,
We know that Thou dost every sin efface;
And in Thy loving arms all sorrows cease.
Thou art our Rest, our Joy, our Life, our
Peace!

THE LOVE AND JOY OF HEAVEN.

I LOVE Thy labor, Blessed Lord!
Thy love is life to me;
And in the fulness of Thy grace
A heaven of rest I see.

The rest Thou givest to Thine own
Is not that carnal ease
Indulged by those who idly seek
Their own poor selves to please.

It is a rest of perfect joy,
The joy of labor given
The poor and sick for love of Thee,
Which brings foretaste of heaven.

This little glimpse Thou givest now
Of Thy blest heaven above,
Incites me here to strive to gain
That heaven of perfect love.

And what does perfect love bestow
But perfect peace and rest;
And countless joys bestowed by Thee,
Who knowest what is best?

Jesus! Sweet Saviour! Grant to me
This perfect joy to know!
In Thee alone that joy I find;
Dear Lord, I love Thee so!

JESUS ONLY.

JESUS Only! This the burden
Of the everlasting song
Ever raised by angels holy;
And the bright, celestial throng
Bowing low in adoration
Down before the Saviour's throne,
Unto Him, the Sun of Heaven,
Loud, ecstatic hymns intone.

Grace Ineffable and Wisdom!
Joy and Life and Strength and Peace'
Love and Goodness! Power Substantial!
Thou whose glories never cease!
Lost in loving adoration
Thus we join the angel choir,
Praising Him, that Life Eternal
Unto Whom our souls aspire.

THOMAS F. HENDRICKEN.*

O SAINTED father! bishop, guide, and friend!
What memories sad and sweet those titles
blend!

Thy loving children in long retrospect
Upon thy living, ardent faith reflect.

Thy zeal for God's great glory proudly
shows

Where yon cathedral's massive walls repose.
No longer doth thy presence grace that
throne;

The Eternal Bishop claims thee for his own.

Saint yet uncanonized! With longing ear
The faithful's invocation now I hear,
When future ages shall thy life relate,
"*Ora pro nobis*, saint and advocate!"

* The first bishop of Providence.

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE.

As o'er the road of life we erring go,
Oft, in the fainting spirit's darkest hour,
Heaven's inspiration shineth round about,
O'erwhelming us with sudden truth and power.

“Who art Thou, Lord?” at once we feebly ask,
Although full well we know the God of Life
Alone our dying spirits thus can rouse,
Against Whose Will we waged a futile strife.

“What wilt Thou have me, Lord, to do?”
Trembling, astonished, overcome, we ask ;
Repentant, looking upward eagerly,
We seek some heaven appointed task.

Let us, obedient, heaven's light implore,
And follow it, however rough our road,
With patient faith, for thus alone we gain
The way to Truth, to Life, to Peace, to God.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS,

MARCH 11, 1891.

CLEAR as the sky of early morn
On this thy festal day,
With starry gems o'er its vast expanse
Shining in bright array,

Thus be thy memory's record fair :
Be all life's clouds dispelled ;
And only the gems of thy life's reward
Upon its tablet held.

May this bright, peaceful consciousness
Greatly thy life prolong.
Of a life nobly spent the memory is
Eternal, clear, and strong.

PERSONAL REFLECTIONS.

ON PRESENTING A MIRROR TO A LADY.

THIS mirror, framed 'mid ancient carvings rare,
Which hath for centuries the charms portrayed
Of distant Persia's noblest ladies fair
In splendors oriental bright arrayed;
Destined to yet reflect a charming face,
Of calm repose and with expression sweet,
Reigning above a form of matchless grace;
O Lady fair, with worthy charms replete!
This souvenir I give to thee,
Thus to fulfil its destiny.

SHELLEY.

AN ACROSTIC.

PEER of noblest poets bright,
Eternal Truth's undaunted knight,
Rich in energy of love,
Clear in imagery of mind,
Yielding to none in genius grand,

Battling 'midst a world unkind,

Shelley did his life devote

Human welfare to promote.

Eternal Spirit, Power of Good!

Let inspiration high our natures flood,

Loosing our minds from superstition's bond,

Enabling earth's bewildering gloom profound

Yet to bring forth a paradise of good.

ALONE.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

ALONE in my dreary garret,
High up from the noisy street,
I think of two little cherubs,
And dream that I hear their feet.

Up they come, joyously running,
Perching one on each knee;
And two little chubby faces
Shower kisses sweet upon me.

'Tis sweet to conjure in fancy
These two little faces so dear,
But then comes a pang of sorrow,—
Alas! they're not really here.

God's curse be on them that would part us!

My children, so happy and bright!

He yet will restore you to me;

He guideth all things aright.

Away, thou maddening fancy!

I yet must endure and wait,

Alone the vision has left me;

Alone in the gloom with my hate.

RESTORATION.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

God's justice overrules the hate of men,
His bounty patient suffering will crown,
Alike His favors and His chastenings bless,
The humble He exalts, the proud casts
down.

No longer 'mid the garret's squalid gloom
I vainly hope, till hope to deep despair
Is turned, whilst all the future promiseth
Is sorrow, struggle, and incessant care.

Once more my home is happily restored,
Again my darling children round me play,
Effulgent, joyous rays of heavenly light
Brighten the dawning of a better day.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

TRANSLATED FROM PAGE 12.

O Jesu! Tuus spiritus,
Pro me incarnatus antea,
Collustrat meam animam
Ut inferorum videam
Consilia et insidias.
E somno meam animam
Tu, Reparator, suscita!

Exspes mens mea aestuat.
Errores me obnubilant.
Per dubitationem da,
Domine, mihi veniam!
Parce, ut tibi serviam!
Sustine me et anima,
Pater, per Sanctum Spiritum!

Praeclara Mater Domini!
Tuum precare Filium
Ut manu mea humili
Fiat voluntas Domini,
Ne regat me superbia.
A fastu, Jesu, libera!
Et me aeternum adjuva!

TRUE CATHOLICISM.

You ask me why I am a Catholic.

I've tried to answer you in prose, in vain.
From giving you a tedious, lengthy argument
(The story is a long one) I refrain.

I am a Catholic because my heart
Yearns to extend its fellowship to all
Who claim the sacred name of Christian, and
my mind
Finds no discrimination in the Master's call.

To make one fold under one Shepherd's care
And unity's most vital bond maintain ;
Professing everywhere alike one common faith,
Acknowledging one universal Head to reign.

Holy and apostolic is that rule
Which doth the wondrous Son of God confess,
Keeping our holy faith in its integrity,
Extending now its universal reign to bless

All nations and all lands, throughout the earth,
Beneath its sway of spiritual power
Which has its origin and strength in Thee, O
Christ!

Of yesterday, to day, the same forevermore!

HYMN TO ST. ALOYSIUS.

O Saint of Beauty! on whose princely brow
There rests a crown of peerless innocence,
Thy loving children come before thee now,
Thy prayers entreating for their souls' defence.

Help of the Orphans! unto Jesus blest
Offer their sufferings, piteous tears and woes.
His love alone brings sweet relief and rest;
His peace will give their aching hearts repose.

O noble Youth! child of the Sacred Heart!
Whom Jesus loved so dearly as to deign
His boundless grace unto thy soul impart,
Choosing thee endlessly to share His reign.

Patron of Youth! implore faith's guiding light
To lead our souls on to heaven's portal high,
Till, in the dawn from purgatorial night,
Into thine outstretched welcoming arms we fly.

AD REGINAM.

Thou who, of all on earth,
Art to my soul most dear!
Each moment's consciousness
Reveals thy presence here.
Nor space nor time can change
This bond of sympathy ;
Naught can our souls estrange
In their firm constancy.

My Queen! Thy faithful heart
Calls me with eloquence ;
Where'er on earth thou art,
My spirit hastens thence.
With equal loyalty
My burning love insists ;
Thou I am far from thee,
Thy life in mine exists.

My own! Fate's tyranny
Now seems to bow us down,
And blighting care alone
Appears our love to crown.
Yet, in the future, dawns
A day of joy and peace ;
The Power that blest our love
Will give us sure release.

Our very life and love
Declare a certainty
That over every chance
Triumphant they will be.
The Life that gave them birth
Maketh our spirits one.
My Love! No power of earth
Can sever us—mine Own!

THE BÓDHISAT'S LOVE SONG.

TANHA.

I sought and searched o'er the earth's wide
vastness

For that dear soul I knew to be my bride ;
Alike in spreading vale and mountain fastness,
In regions inland, or by ocean's side.

KARMA.

But when to heaven I my search surrendered,
Following gently where its guidance led,
Full intuition to my soul was tendered
And heavenly radiance on my path was shed.

DHYANA.

For then it was, when to faith's guidance bend-
ing,
No longer striving to misshape my way,
I recognized my own, O joy unending!
And peace and love my trusting faith repay.

ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

DECEMBER 21, 1891.

While doubts that from our human frailty rise
Oft hinder us and thrust us far from Thee,
Yet honest doubt that in the pathway lies
Of those who love Thee and are wholly free
To plead Thy cause and fight Thy battle well,
Who yet for Thee would urge a flawless plea
And most convincingly Thy gospel tell,
May draw them even nearer yet to Thee.
To such confirm, Dear Lord, their joyous faith,
Strengthen the love that caused it, and inspire
Wisdom and zeal, and faithfulness till death.
Bid doubt and error from their minds retire,
And when their hearts by fears and griefs are
torn,
Make them, Dear Lord, amidst the strife recall
With love the wounds Thy Sacred Heart has
borne
And know in Thee their Lord, their God, their
All!

THE MOST PERFECT THING IN THE WORLD;

THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

“I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.”—*St. Paul.*

“That which is not God is nothing to me.”—*St. Teresa.*

MY GOD! Who ever art
Unchangingly to me
My All in All! My life
Eternal is in Thee!

MY FATHER! to Thy Will
I helpless, trustful, cling;
In Thine all boundeous Love
Forgetting everything.

MY JESUS! Sweetest Name.
All other names above!
My King! no boon I crave—
No blessing—save Thy Love.

MY FRIEND! of friends most true.
Whose Love is infinite!
Grant that, forever, I
May in Thy Love delight.

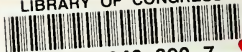
MY PRIEST! Who searchest all,
To Whom each thought is known;
A mercy-seat of penance, make
Each inmost heart Thy throne.

MY LIFE! My being, Thou!
My life is only Thine;
For me there is no death
If only Thou art mine.

MY HEAVEN! All else is naught
Beside Thy Presence Sweet.
My life in Thine, Thy Life in mine—
Make thus my soul complete.



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